Schemers

SKATERS

So you think you got a problem?
I hear you're hiding out in Harlem
You just can't fake it
Our friends don't care
You held his hand until he let go
And now you're resting on your sorrows
You've got to face him
And I just can't take it no more
I've got to let you know
I got to feel it
You got to let it go
I'll show you afterwards
Cut it up until it's all gone
You make new friends and then you rob 'em
Well I know
As anybody knows
Deaf dumb and dumb
And all your derelict friends
All would trade you in
We've all got problems
I just can't take it no more
I've got to let you know
I got to feel itYou got to let it go
I'll show you afterwards
And?
Of what you fear
From this side
Hey
It's not what you think
But what you do
And peace is seldom made
Without the violent cool
And in the wake of the dead
Heroes on the walls of the high school halls
And while I pledge my allegiance
I can feel the secrets
Of a couple of schemers
Rebels and mods(?) and crimson walls
Well they all died for the same cause

In a classless showdown
I don't want to hear it any more
I've got to let you know
I got to feel it
You got to let it go
I'll show you afterwards

Songwriters
CUMMING, MICHAEL IAN / RUBIN, NOAHPublished by
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